A
S.Soc 1147.6(3)
FROM THE COLLECTION OF
JOSEPH ISHILL
XPS 217 (3)

10c. A COPY $1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. III MARCH, 1908 No. 1

MOTHER EARTH

A child born of love will always prove a joy and comfort to its parents. No matter how great the care such a child may require, no matter what hardships and pangs it may cause, the parents will endure all cheerfully for the sake of the one that came into the world of their own desire, through that most precious of all human ties, Love.

MOTHER EARTH *is such a child. It was begotten by a great, intense love, the love for Freedom, for human Justice. Those who gave birth to* MOTHER EARTH *were not wedded by State or Church "till death doth part"; they were united by love, by an ardent desire to rouse man from his stupor, to banish strife and the lust for gain and power. To make man conscious of his true place in the world and his proper relationship to his fellows, was the raison d'être of* MOTHER EARTH'S *birth. As the offspring of true love,* MOTHER EARTH *was cared for tenderly, and its health and growth looked after by its parents through many weary days and nights. No pains or struggles were spared to make the infant a true example of what love and devotion can do.*

Like all infants, MOTHER EARTH *went through the process of teething, measles, whooping cough, etc. In that condition it often incurred the displeasure and the opposition of neighbors, who have no sympathy for other people's children.*

Coming from healthy stock and backed by love, MOTHER EARTH *is now entering upon its third year. Its parents*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
Keller

do not claim for it absolute perfection; for true love is not blind. It sees with wide-open eyes; indeed, it is exacting, because its pinnacle is Freedom, and it will be satisfied with nothing short of that. To reach that pinnacle MOTHER EARTH *must grow—in depth, in scope, in aspirations. And it shall do all that as far as is in the power of its parents, whose main aim it has been to instill in their child the meaning of true love and harmony which grow out of universal parenthood. A parenthood comprised not only of mother and father, but of all human beings imbued with the spirit of solidarity and comradeship. It is this spirit that has gained for* MOTHER EARTH *many friends all through America and in Europe; friends who have helped faithfully in the maintenance of the child. That is the beauty of a universal baby; it is not dependent only on its parents. Because of that the parents are even more eager to care for it. True, the mother must forego the comforts of a home, exposing herself to many hardships while racing about the country, seeking new friends for her child. But love overcomes everything. Besides, when the mother can choose the father of her child, she need never fear to leave it to his care and affection.*

From all appearances the baby is gaining in strength. Its cry to-day is no longer that of a sickly, ill-nourished child; rather is it the voice of strong lungs. In proportion as it will continue to grow, it will gain in power and become what its latent qualities design it for: a fighter against all sham and hypocrisy; a true hater of all authority and oppression; a fearless champion of Freedom, as embodied in the noblest conception of human society—Anarchism.

EMMA GOLDMAN,
ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

TO OUR ENEMIES

CORRUPTION breathes easier again. The greedy capitalist, the brazen politician, the venal judge, the crooks of the police force, the prostitution-supported pillars of the Church, the Tenderloin demi-mondaine—they all breathe freer again. They have successfully raised the cry, "Crucify the Anarchists!" in order to lull the "common people" into forgetting the crimes of the social parasites.

That is the fond hope of the wholesale murderers, exploiters, and oppressors; of all the big and little scoundrels of our glorious Republic. Will they succeed in this?

Can they still the cry of hunger with the blood-curdling sensations of the press? Can they abolish the poverty and misery of the masses by reciting gruesome tales of "Anarchy"? Drive away the pangs of starvation by sounding idiotic alarms? Will the desperate man, meditating suicide, be saved by reading the police discovery of alleged Anarchist plots?

Anarchism is again to be annihilated. But how? Have the servants of our capitalists—the law-makers, judges, and police—left anything undone to accomplish that result? Have they not usurped most arbitrary powers? Have not the courts virtually abolished the one-time safeguard of popular liberties, the right of habeas corpus? Are not the last vestiges of the freedom of the press being strangled by the Postmaster General and his adjutant, Comstock? Has not every police pasha the power to veto the right of assembly? Is not every detective an infallible god who may without warrant attack peaceful citizens in their homes and drag them to court on the charge of "disorderly" conduct? Is there any other country in the wide world—Russia, Turkey, and China not excepted—where every policeman assumes the authority to violate popular rights, as is the case in our glorious land?

"Down with the Anarchists!" That is the cry raised whenever the corruption of the ruling clique, or the misery of the people—or both, as is the case now—has reached a climax.

But what has happened? A poor devil, tramping the streets of Denver hungry and homeless, knocking at the

doors of charity in vain, became desperate and shot a servant of God. A servant of that God without whose knowledge and will not even a sparrow may die. But why hold the Anarchists responsible for the workings of God's will, or for the acts of men driven to desperation by hunger?

An Anarchist? Perhaps he was. Perhaps not. No one seems to have known him. Even Anarchist philosophy cannot still the hunger of the victim of capitalism.

At Chicago and Philadelphia the unemployed wage slaves, asking for bread, were brutally beaten by the police. The Tsar's Cossacks were not more cruel on Bloody Sunday. Among the victims was a young man. He witnessed the police inhumanity, he heard their mocking jeers, and felt their brutality. He saw the clubs in the hands of well-fed giants rain a storm of blows upon the heads of haggard demonstrators, attacked unawares. Perhaps he himself was struck, and the hurt revived his Kishineff experiences, when those most dear to him were foully murdered. But that was Russia. . . . He felt stunned. He was not long in this country; he had not yet become sufficiently Americanized to passively witness such terrible deeds. His blood boiled, his heart beat faster than those of his fellow-slaves. He knew there was no appeal from police outrages; no justice to be had. He wanted to punish the Chief of Police, the man he considered responsible—and he lost his life in the attempt.

An Anarchist? Perhaps. Perhaps not. No one seems to have known him.

Are the Anarchists responsible for police brutality resulting in such incidents? If so, then are they not equally guilty of the gruesome wholesale murders daily committed in this glorious country of ours? They should also be charged with all the catastrophes in coal mines, on railroads, and sea—the Iroquois Theatre, the "General Slocum," and the recent school holocaust in Cleveland, to mention but a few instances. Yet every citizen knows that avaricious capitalists and venal officials are the responsible men. But why does not the "respectable" citizen rise in indignation against them?

The early Christians were the scapegoats of Roman corruption. For similar reasons the Anarchists are crucified to-day.

Crucify and exile the Anarchists! But turn to the pages of history. It was ever the privilege of the noblest spirits to be exiled. *Our very ancestors, the fathers of this country, were exiles.* The pathfinders of every age, were they not ever persecuted, deported, exiled?

The Anarchists may serenely suffer themselves to be classed with criminals and denounced as enemies of society. Did not Christ die between two thieves on Golgotha?

The authorities may deport a few poor devils, but never Anarchism: the spirit of liberty, of the highest aspirations of humanity,—Anarchy, whose genius is the triumph of man's potential achievements. To destroy that it were necessary to eradicate humanity, life itself.

Mankind will continue its ascent, despite all obstacles. And we Anarchists, the pioneers of liberty, will ever hold high our banner, and proudly and enthusiastically battle with unjust and corrupt conditions, all calumny and persecution notwithstanding.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

HAVING heard of the distinguished bravery displayed by the police of Chicago at the recent clubbing of defenceless, half-starved men marching the streets in search of bread, the Philadelphia authorities determined to look to their laurels.

A mass-meeting of unemployed was taking place, at which the present economic situation was discussed. Suddenly, while one of our local comrades was in the midst of his address, the audience began to crowd to the doors. In vain did the speakers call upon the people to remain. In a moment they found themselves practically deserted. The greater part of the audience started to walk to City Hall, presumably to ask the Mayor for work. It was a case of spontaneous action; evidently the people needed bread more than speeches.

Here was a glorious opportunity for the guardians of the peace.

The marchers were quiet and orderly—till the police appeared. Without warning they swooped down upon the people and began unmercifully clubbing them. The

warders of order created a riot and distinguished themselves by making numerous arrests.

Not satisfied with this brave performance, the police the next day arrested a number of our local comrades, among them the speakers of the preceding evening, Voltairine de Cleyre and H. Weinberg. Charges of inciting to riot were brought against them, in spite of the fact that all the evidence was to the effect that the speakers tried their utmost to disuade the people from making a demonstration in such small numbers.

The authorities of Philadelphia are using the opportunity to abolish the last vestiges of free speech in the city that give birth to Colonial Independence. At the same time, no efforts are spared to manufacture a case against our comrades. The object is to railroad them to prison. Several innocent victims of the police-made riot have already been hastily tried and sentenced to most cruel terms in the penitentiary. Thus, one of the "rioters" has been condemned to five years, the Judge remarking that the man could not be punished too severely—for being hungry. Poverty is the worst crime in the eyes of Mammon.

Lovers of liberty and justice! Lose no time rallying to the support of the cause of free speech. The voice of truth shall not be strangled by the coarse hand of the law's myrmidons.

We call the attention of our readers to the appeal appearing in this issue, "The Case in Philadelphia." We ask quick moral and financial aid for the Denfence Fund, to enable us to fight the cases both of those awaiting trial as well as of the victims already condemned.

* * *

THE mission of government as the servile handmaid of capital has been strikingly illustrated by the silk workers' strike at Phillipsburg, N. J.

The immediate cause of the strike was the tyrannous and humiliating treatment of the employees by the managers of the Standard Silk Company. The "hands" were in a condition of abject slavery, veritable chattels of their masters. The last straw was added when the company had the water supply shut off, on the pretext that the employees "wasted too much time washing their hands." Why, indeed, should a slave wash himself? The Com-

pany evidently regarded cleanliness as a symptom of dangerous aspirations.

The circa one thousand men and women employed in the mills went out on a strike. They demanded better treatment and the reduction of their working hours from 10¾ hours to 10 hours per day. Naturally, the Company could not "afford" such luxuries—for its workingmen. It refused to arbitrate and tried everything in its power to break the strike. But the workers stood manfully together, determined to win their just demands. Thereupon the Company appealed to the State authorities. A noble judge was speedily found who issued an injunction, virtually forbidding the strikers to breathe within sight of the mills. The injunction failing, however, to drive the men back to work, the Company resorted to a shocking outrage. Five of the most active strikers were suddenly arrested on the alleged charge of slapping a scab. In vain they proved their innocence. They were speedily railroaded to prison, condemned to three years each. Three years for three men for hitting a strike-breaker! And not a whit of evidence to support the charge, except the scab's "oath."

Several public meetings have been held in Phillipsburg to protest against this outrage. It is doubtful whether a parallel to this crying injustice can be found in the history of the country. The people of the State of New Jersey would prove themselves unworthy of a man's respect if they should fail to demand the instant liberation of the imprisoned victims of capital.

* * *

IN a recent public address, Governor Hughes solemnly assured his audience that—

"The country is morally sound. Its standards of business were never higher. In this land of industry, with unexampled opportunities for production and exchange, with an area and population enjoying advantages of distribution free from artificial barriers, the men of business inevitably represent the intelligence and moral sentiment of the people."

With practically every pillar of our financial and commercial world a proven scoundrel, it is refreshing to learn that the moral standard of our commercial life is higher than ever. Equally pleasant is the unexpected news that our robber barons represent the highest moral sentiment of the people. Are we, then, a nation of cut-throats? But

more startling yet is the information that distribution is free from artificial barriers. The poverty of the masses is, no doubt, one of the blessings of our "free" distribution.

The Governor is a poor economist. Civilization has never witnessed a system of distribution more artificial than our own; nor a system of production more irrational. We do not produce for the needs of the people; things are not made to be used, but to *sell*. Hence distribution is determined, not by real demand, but by the ability to buy. Starvation in the midst of plenty is the natural result. But that, according to our wise man, is "the advantage of distribution free from artificial restraints."

In effect the Governor says, literally, "You are free to starve." And he is right, more's the pity.

* * *

IN a moment of forgetfulness the truth occasionally escapes a politician, and history is the richer.

Ex-Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, writing his reminiscences of President Andrew Johnson, states that the latter was intoxicated when he entered the Senate Chamber to take the oath of office as Vice-President; that on that occasion he began an incoherent tirade and had to be removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms. We further learn that when the news of President Lincoln's assassination was carried to Johnson by Senator Stewart, the Chief Justice, and Senator Foote, of Vermont, the successor of Lincoln was found drunk and was sworn in in that condition. Senator Stewart's account of what followed runs like this:

> "We took him to the White House, and Stanton sent for a tailor, a barber, and a doctor. He had a dose administered, and the President was bathed and shaved, his hair cut, and a new suit of clothes was fitted to him. He did not, however, get into a presentable condition until late in the afternoon, when a few persons were permitted to see him to satisfy themselves that there was a President in the White House."

The Senator should take care. Statements like the above are liable to shock "decent" people's gray matter into motion. Some even might be so bold to think that Presidents are made of the same clay as ordinary men. What is the country coming to, anyway?

"LAW and order" are vindicated. Capt. Van Schaick, who was in charge of the steamboat "General Slocum," is now safe in prison.

The conviction of the old Captain and the sentence of ten years at hard labor imposed on him are nothing short of cannibalism. Van Schaick was charged with criminal negligence in failing to observe the navigation law while in command of the steamboat "General Slocum" on June 15, 1904. At the time 1,031 lives were lost with the burning of the vessel off North Brother Island. But the Captain was merely an employee. He had no means of forcing his employers to consider the safety of those aboard. The Company's avarice and indifference to the safety of its patrons were primarily responsible for the disaster. On the other hand, it was proven that Van Schaick sustained severe injuries in attempting to save the excursionists. Where are the *owners* of the burned vessel? *They* are the men responsible for the disaster.

But the law does not punish the mighty. It searches the gutters and crucifies the obscure, the friendless, while crime is rampant in the palaces.

* * *

NOT the Tsar, nor the bureaucracy is the chief enemy of Russian freedom. The greatest danger to the emancipation of that much-suffering people are its false friends, the corrupt elements ever on the alert for an opportunity to exploit popular movements for their own aggrandizement.

Such a danger is the alleged "Committee of the Russian Republican Administration," which apparently consists of but one man, the discredited adventurer, Ivan Norodny.

This self-styled "Chief Executive Commissioner" has issued a declaration converting, with a stroke of his pen, the Empire into "The United States of Russia." Simultaneously with this declaration a letter is addressed to the Tsar. After branding the autocrat as a common criminal, the "Chief Executive Commissioner of the United States of Russia" promises him a province as residence, and signs himself "Respectfully."

Having declared the independence of Russia, Norodny volunteers the announcement that bonds for the newly established Republic have been issued, and that they would be offered for sale immediately. The bonds, printed on

parchment paper, set forth the fact that they are "liberty bonds" secured by first lien on all of the national property of the Republic.

Each of the bonds contains a statement to the effect that it is one of a series of 50,000 of $100 each, "which are to be used for the purpose of the United States of Russia," and to be distributed in the United States of America, France, Great Britain, and Germany. The faith of the Russian people is pledged for the payment of the bonds with interest.

We hope that no true friend of Russian emancipation will countenance, morally or financially, the impostor Ivan Norodny.

* * *

THE subtlest and most pernicious effects of authority are the weakening of man's natural spirit of self-reliance and independence.

This truism has never been more clearly illustrated than by the present clamor for anti-gambling legislation. Whenever some symptom of the diseased body politic becomes particularly obnoxious, forthwith is heard the cry, "We need more laws!"

But laws merely suppress. They do not cure. They change neither human nature nor conditions. Legislation against race-track gambling would but aggravate the evil by adding hypocrisy to it. Men will continue to gamble; the law will but force them to deceit. Suppressed evil is a double evil.

Education is more effectively reformative than mere legislation. Race-track gambling is by far the least serious symptom of our diseased social body. There are more vital questions. The crusaders against the race-track are themselves the greatest gamblers, the champions of a system based on robbery, sham, and deceit. Were they sincere, they would enlighten the people as to the dishonesty of *every* form of parasitism, of all profit-making. Rouse the public conscience to the shame of exploitation in whatever disguise, and you will have more effectively abolished gambling than laws can ever do.

But mere preaching is no cure. Betting on horses is but an insignificant expression of that great gambling conspiracy called capitalist society. Every phase of our social being is permeated by the same spirit—the love of

conquest and gain, the passion for profits, the exploitation of another's labor.

The source of gambling is in our economic system, which is based and thrives on parasitism, hypocrisy, and theft. To effectively abolish gambling, society must be reconstructed on the foundation of justice and equity.

But not legislation will regenerate humanity. Enlightenment, based on individual self-reliance, is the cure. Free co-operation and direct action are the pivot of a better future.

* * *

SOME people are inclined to consider Great Britain as lagging in the march of progress. According to latest advices from London, however, England is soon likely to rival America in the development of her industries.

Great Britain has profitably extended her traditional policy of free trade to the manufacture of nobility. Nowadays a rich Englishman, quite irrespective of his character or talents, can buy a peerage almost as easily as he can buy a castle, and at almost as well-recognized a tariff. The most respectable method is to give a large sum to "charity." But this method is not infallible.

The one infallible way is to buy your peerage from a great political party; in other words, to subscribe to the party fund, exactly as our own corporations, for other corrupt equivalents, subscribe to party funds.

No glory is gained by giving $50,000 to a secret fund. A return must be exacted in some other way, and, in fact, a title is the only recognized consideration. If the title-hunter is rich and generous to the party, he becomes a peer; and thenceforward he and his descendants gain the "divine right" of sitting in a gilded chamber, reigning as kinglets, and shaping the destinies of the nation.

The ennobling example of our own political life is thus bearing good fruit across the pond. They have learned from us the valuable lesson of the democratic spirit. And they find that "it pays." For, after all, the highest expression of the art of government is—graft.

PROLETARIAN DAYS

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

March, the red month, is with us again.

The month of rebellion, the awakener of the down-trodden, the harbinger of hope.

The days of past grand deeds are here, their memory rousing the proletariat to a clear consciousness of their world-liberating mission, strengthening them with the fires of noblest aspirations.

And joyfully, hopefully the workers of to-day honor the memory of the heroes of the past, and prepare to emulate their example.

After the soldiers of liberty of 1848 had suffered defeat, the international bourgeoisie celebrated its orgies in the fond hope that the spirit of rebellion had forever been buried.

Yet but a brief space intervened between 1848 and 1871. During that time the supposedly dead Socialism circled the world, and thousands of hearts beat in joyful tumult as the Commune was proclaimed at Paris.

But once more the reaction triumphed. After a heroic struggle the proletariat was defeated. Again was heard the cry, the Revolution is dead, dead and buried forever! But who can doubt that the rebels have since grown a hundredfold? The Titanic struggle of Russia is giving the lie to bourgeois assertions.

In vain we seek the names of those heroes who—on that memorable March 18, 1871—by their self-sacrifice ensured the triumph of the proletariat. Obscure were they; nameless men, women, and children of the streets; inspired by the solemn moment, they ushered in the revolutionary tide. It overflowed Paris, arousing an enthusiasm felt far beyond the confines of France. It still lives and bursts into flames whenever the cry is heard, *Vive la Commune!*

The obscure, the nameless! They are the true heroes of history. We know no books they have written. Not authors, nor orators they. Yet how life-like they tower before our mental eye in all the glory of their self-sacrifice, their noble passion and immortality. We see them, these brave unknown, in the thick of combat, their eyes aflame, their fists clenched. We hear their songs of battle, witness their inspiring devotion. We behold

them dying, serenely joyous, the devoted martyrs of a noble cause.

Countless times duped, deprived of the fruits of their triumph, again we see them enter the arena. Restlessly they storm forward, ever forward!

An unbroken thread of red runs through proletarian history, from the ancient slave revolts and peasant wars of feudal days, to the uprisings of the proletariat in 1792, 1830, 1848, 1871, down to the heroic struggle of the Russian people of our own time.

It is an uninterrupted warfare; and we of this generation shall continue the fight till the victory of the downtrodden is complete.

The men and women of fame are the meteors momentarily lighting up the horizon, then fading away into the night of the past. But the nameless do not vanish. They are like the phoenix, eternally resurrected in the ashes of his fiery death. We know that we do not hope in vain when we rest in them our faith for the future.

* * *

We live in pregnant days. Dark clouds are gathering; all signs portend the coming struggle.

Our bourgeoisie has grown to look upon the workingman as its mere slave, incapable of independent thought or action. How horrified they feel when the masses evidence by demonstrations that they have awakened to self-assertion and refuse to starve.

A labor demonstration serves to remind the rulers of the misery suffered by the disinterested. It clarifies their vision to threatening danger; it points to the terrible chasm yawning before them.

That they may not be continually reminded of their crimes against the proletariat, the exploiters have exiled them into obscure alleys and barrack tenements. There poverty lives apart. It is not suffered to obtrude its misery upon the rich, to the possible detriment of their digestion. There it does not exist for the bourgeois. It is to him a strange land.

But a demonstration brings the proletariat to the palaces. The rulers and exploiters are overcome by fear and horror. They see, like Belshazzar of old, the handwriting on the wall.

History repeats itself. These are our March days.

THE MAN WHO KILLED A KING

HENRY GEORGE, JR., in the *Cincinnati Post* of February 15.

THE assassination of the King and the Crown Prince of Portugal brings vividly before me a most dramatic incident here in New York that foreshadowed the similar killing of King Humbert of Italy eight years ago.

I had been invited to make a speech before an Italian liberation society. The time was late in June or early in July, and the day was dear to Italian patriots, although what day it was I cannot remember. In the afternoon I rode with a committee to Washington square to place a wreath on Garibaldi's statue, and afterward to Central Park, similarly to decorate the statue of Mazzini.

Thence we went to the place where we were to have a dinner and some speeches—a modest little restaurant on West Houston street, in the heart of the Italian quarter.

The front of the place was a wine shop. In the back a number of small tables, which people coming into the place filled; and a single long table, of which the committee took possession.

Everything about the place was Italian save myself, and my speech, when we reached the coffee and cigars, was the only one in the English tongue.

The program had proceeded smoothly and several had spoken, when a young man at one of the round tables arose and courteously asked for permission to speak.

He was slight—almost thin; of medium height, with sallow complexion and dark, quick, piercing eyes. He had before been smoking cigarettes and giving what appeared to me only listless attention to what transpired. But now he looked thoroughly alert.

When the Chairman hesitated and asked his name, the young man answered, "Bresci." After another moment or two of hesitation, the Chairman accorded him the floor.

What then occurred I shall always remember as one of the most dramatic incidents of my life.

Without the customary preliminaries of the orator, Bresci began to speak in a way that fascinated every one

in the place, even me, who, while I could not understand what he said, must needs be moved by the suppressed excitement of his manner, the flash of his eyes, the workings of his face and the sound of his words that poured forth like hot liquid.

What he said shook the gathering to the center. Many cried out, and the Chairman started to his feet and beat upon the table, calling upon Bresci to stop.

But Bresci did not—perhaps, could not—stop. His voice took a higher pitch. Another moment, and there was a general uproar. With incredible swiftness the meeting was adjourned, and I found myself out on the sidewalk, my hat in my hand, and some of the excited committeemen, in mixed Italian and English, trying to give me an explanation of what had occurred.

What at length I came to understand was this: Bresci had said that nothing could be expected for Italian liberty except it come from personal sacrifice; that he who would bring Italian liberty must be willing to die in its cause; that the way to liberty must be cleared by killing the tyrant on the throne at Rome.

Bresci got no further. He was marked for a spy in the pay of the Italian Government, outdoing the wildest in speech in order to get the confidence and secrets of the revolutionary circles. Those present were dismayed. They regarded themselves as marked men, and fled the place.

A few weeks after this incident—July 29, 1900—word flashed over the world that King Humbert of Italy had been shot at Monza. It was the deed of a revolutionist. The regicide's name was Bresci!

It was the Bresci of the little wine shop of Houston street. He had acted as he had preached—alone, uncheered, even suspected and shunned by his fellows. He tried to clear the way for Italian liberty as he saw it, himself willingly going to a death of shame on the gibbet!

WHY I AM AN ANARCHIST

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

(A lecture delivered in Hammond, Ind.)

IT was suggested to me by those who were the means of securing me this opportunity of addressing you, that probably the most easy and natural way for me to explain Anarchism would be for me to give the reasons why I myself am an Anarchist. I am not sure that they were altogether right in the matter, because in giving the reasons why I am an Anarchist, I may perhaps infuse too much of my own personality into the subject, giving reasons sufficient unto myself, but which cool reflection might convince me were not particularly striking as reasons why other people should be Anarchists, which is, after all, the object of public speaking on the question.

Nevertheless, I have been guided by their judgment, thinking they are perhaps right in this, that one is apt to put much more feeling and freedom into personal reasons than in pure generalizations.

The question "Why I am an Anarchist" I could very summarily answer with "because I cannot help it," I cannot be dishonest with myself; the conditions of life press upon me; I must do something with my brain. I cannot be content to regard the world as a mere jumble of happenings for me to wander my way through, as I would through the mazes of a department store, with no other thought than getting through it and getting out. Neither can I be contented to take anybody's dictum on the subject; the thinking machine will not be quiet. It will not be satisfied with century-old repetitions; it perceives that new occasions bring new duties; that things have changed, and an answer that fitted a question asked four thousand, two thousand, even one thousand years ago, will not fit any more. It wants something for to-day.

People of the mentally satisfied order, who are able to roost on one intellectual perch all their days, have never understood this characteristic of the mentally active. It was said of the Anarchists that they were peace-disturbers, wild, violent ignoramuses, who were jealous of the successful in life and fit only for prison or an asylum.

They did not understand, for their sluggish temperaments did not assist them to perceive, that the peace was disturbed by certain elements, which men of greater mental activity had sought to seize and analyze. With habitual mental phlegm they took cause for effect, and mistook Anarchists, Socialists and economic reformers in general for the creators of that by which they were created.

The assumption that Anarchists were one and all ignoramuses was quite as gratuitously made. For years it was not considered worth while to find out whether they might not be mistaken. We who have been some years in the movement have watched the gradual change of impression in this respect, not over-patiently it is true; we are not in general a patient sort—till we have at length seen the public recognition of the fact that while many professed Anarchists are uneducated, some even unintelligent (though their number is few), the major portion are people of fair education and intense mental activity, going around setting interrogation points after things; and some, even, such as Elisée and Elie and Paul Reclus, Peter Kropotkin, Edward Carpenter, or the late Prof. Daniel G. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania, men of scientific pre-eminence.

Mental activity alone, however, would not be sufficient; for minds may be active in many directions, and the course of the activity depends upon other elements in their composition.

The second reason, therefore, why I am an Anarchist, is because of the possession of a very large proportion of sentiment.

In this statement I may very likely not be recommending myself to my fellow Anarchists, who would perhaps prefer that I proceeded immediately to reasons. I am willing, however, to court their censure, because I think it has been the great mistake of our people, especially of our American Anarchists represented by Benj. R. Tucker, to disclaim sentiment. Humanity in the mass is nine parts feeling to one part thought; the so-called "philosophic Anarchists" have prided themselves on the exaggeration of the little tenth, and have chosen to speak rather contemptuously of the "submerged" nine parts. Those who have studied the psychology of man, how-

ever, realize this: that our feelings are the filtered and tested results of past efforts on the part of the intellect to compass the adaptation of the individual to its surroundings. The unconscious man is the vast reservoir which receives the final product of the efforts of the conscious—that brilliant, gleaming, illuminate point at which mental activity centers, but which, after all, is so small a part of the human being. So that if we are to despise feeling we must equally despise logical conviction, since the former is but the preservation of past struggles of the latter.

Now my feelings have ever revolted against repression in all forms, even when my intellect, instructed by my conservative teachers, told me repression was right. Even when my thinking part declared it was nobody's fault that one man had so much he could neither swallow it down nor wear it out, while another had so little he must die of cold and hunger, my feelings would not be satisfied. They raised an unending protest against the heavenly administration that managed earth so badly. They could never be reconciled to the idea that any human being could be in existence merely through the benevolent toleration of another human being. The feeling always was that society ought to be in such a form that any one who was willing to work ought to be able to live in plenty, and nobody ought to have such "an awful lot" more than anybody else. Moreover, the instinct of liberty naturally revolted not only at economic servitude, but at the outcome of it, class-lines. Born of working parents (I am glad to be able to say it), brought up in one of those small villages where class differences are less felt than in cities, there was, nevertheless, a very keen perception that certain persons were considered better worth attentions, distinctions, and rewards than others, and that these certain persons were the daughters and sons of the well-to-do. Without any belief whatever that the possession of wealth to the exclusion of others was wrong, there was yet an instinctive decision that there was much injustice in educational opportunities being given to those who could scarcely make use of them, simply because their parents were wealthy; to quote the language of a little friend of mine, there was an inward protest against "the people

with five hundred dollar brains getting five thousand dollar educations," while the bright children of the poor had to be taken out of school and put to work. And so with other material concerns.

Beyond these, there was a wild craving after freedom from conventional dress, speech, and custom; an indignation at the repression of one's real sentiments and the repetition of formal hypocrisies, which constitute the bulk of ordinary social intercourse; a consciousness that what are termed "the amenities" were for the most part gone through with as irksome forms, representing no real heartiness. Dress, too,—there was such an ever-present feeling that these ugly shapes with which we distort our bodies were forced upon us by a stupid notion that we must conform to the anonymous everybody who wears a stock-collar in mid-summer and goes décolleté at Christmas, puts a bunch on its sleeves to-day and a hump on its back to-morrow, dresses its slim tall gentlemen in claw-hammers this season, and its little fat gentlemen in Prince Alberts the next,—in short, affords no opportunity for the individuality of the person to express itself in outward taste or selection of forms.

An eager wish, too, for something better in education than the set program of the grade-work, every child's head measured by every other child's head, regimentation, rule, arithmetic, forever and ever; nothing to develop originality of work among teachers; the perpetual dead level; the eternal average. Parallel with all these, there was a constant seeking for something new and fresh in literature, and unspeakable ennui at the presentation and re-presentation of the same old ideal in the novel, the play, the narrative, the history. A general disgust for the poor but virtuous fair-haired lady with blue eyes, who adored a dark-haired gentleman with black eyes and much money, and to whom, after many struggles with the jealous rival, she was happily married; a desire that there should be persons who should have some other purpose in appearing before us than to exhibit their love-sickness, people with some other motive in walking through a book than to get married at the end. A similar feeling in taking up an account of travels; a desire that the narrator would find something better worth recounting than his own astonishment at some

particular form of dress he had never happened to see before, or a dish he had never eaten in his own country; a desire that he would tell us of the conditions, the aspirations, the activities of those strange peoples. Again the same unrest in reading a history, an overpowering sentiment of revolt at the spun-out details of the actions of generals, the movements of armies, the thronement and dethronement of kings, the intrigues of courtiers, the gracing or disgracing of favorites, the place-hunting of republics, the count of elections, the numbering of administrations! A never-ending query, "What were the common people doing all this time? What did they do who did not go to war? How did they associate, how did they feel, how did they dream? What had they, who paid for all these things, to say, to sing, to act?"

And when I found a novel like the "Story of An African Farm," a drama like the "Enemy of the People" or "Ghosts," a history like Green's "History of the People of England," I experienced a sensation of exaltation at leaping out from the old forms, the old prohibitions, the old narrowness of models and schools, at coming into the presence of something broad and growing.

So it was with contemplation of sculpture or drawing, —a steady dissatisfaction with the conventional poses, the conventional subjects, the fig-leafed embodiments of artistic cowardice; underneath was always the demand for freedom of movement, fertility of subject, and ease and *non-shame*. Above all, a disgust with the subordinated cramped circle prescribed for women in daily life, whether in the field of material production, or in domestic arrangement, or in educational work; or in the ideals held up to her on all these various screens whereon the ideal reflects itself; a bitter, passionate sense of personal injustice in this respect; an anger at the institutions set up by men, ostensibly to preserve female purity, really working out to make her a baby, an irresponsible doll of a creature not to be trusted outside her "doll's house." A sense of burning disgust that a mere legal form should be considered as the sanction for all manner of bestialities; that a woman should have no right to escape from the coarseness of a husband, or conversely, without calling down the attention, the scandal, the scorn of society. That in spite of all the hardship and torture

of existence men and women should go on obeying the old Israelitish command, "Increase and multiply," merely because they have society's permission to do so, without regard to the slaveries to be inflicted upon the unfortunate creatures of their passions.

All these feelings, these intense sympathies with suffering, these cravings for something earnest, purposeful, these longings to break away from old standards, jumbled about in the ego, produced a shocking war; they determined the bent to which mental activity turned; they demanded an answer,—an answer that should coordinate them all, give them direction, be the silver cord running through this mass of disorderly, half-articulate contentions of the soul.

The province for the operation of conscious reasoning was now outlined; all the mental energies were set to the finding of an ideal which would justify these clamors, allay these bitternesses. And first for the great question which over-rides all others, the question of bread. It was easy to see that any proposition to remedy the sorrows of poverty along old lines could only be successful for a locality or a season, since they must depend upon the personal good-nature of individual employers, or the leniency of a creditor. The power to labor at will would be forever locked within the hands of a limited number.

The problem is not how to find a way to relieve temporary distress, not to make people dependent upon the kindness of others, but to allow every one to be able to stand upon his own feet.

A study into history,—that is a history of the movements of peoples,—revealed that, while the struggless of the past have chiefly been political in their formulated objects, and have resulted principally in the disestablishment of one form of political administration by another, the causes of discontent have chiefly been economic—too great disparity in possessions between class and class. Even those uprisings centred around some religious leader were, in the last analysis, a revolt of the peasant against an oppressive landlord and tithe-taker—the Church.

It is extremely hard for an American, who has been nursed in the traditions of the revolution, to realize the

fact that that revolution must be classed precisely with others, and its value weighed and measured by its results, just as they are. I am an American myself, and was at one time as firmly attached to those traditions as any one can be; I believed that if there were any way to remedy the question of poverty the Constitution must necessarily afford the means to do it. It required long thought and many a dubious struggle between prejudice and reason before I was able to arrive at the conclusion that the political victory of America had been a barren thing; that a declaration of equal rights on paper, while an advance in human evolution in so far that at least it crystallized a vague ideal, was after all but an irony in the face of facts; that what people wanted to make them really free was the *right to things;* that a "free country" in which all the productive tenures were already appropriated was not free at all; that any man who must wait the complicated working of a mass of unseen powers before he may engage in the productive labor necessary to get his food is the last thing but a free man; that those who do command these various resources and powers, and therefore the motions of their fellow-men, command likewise the manner of their voting, and that hence the reputed great safeguard of individual liberties, the ballot box, becomes but an added instrument of oppression in the hands of the possessor; finally, that the principle of majority rule itself, even granting it could ever be practicalized—which it could not on any large scale: it is always a real minority that governs in place of the nominal majority—but even granting it realizable, the thing itself is essentially pernicious; that the only desirable condition of society is one in which no one is compelled to accept an arrangement to which he has not consented.

Since it was a settled thing that to be free one must have liberty of access to the sources and means of production, the question arose, just what are those sources and means, and how shall the common man, whose right to them is now denied, come at them. And here I found a mass of propositions, by one school or another; all however agreed upon one point, viz.: that the land and all that was in it was the natural heritage of all, and none had a right to pre-empt it, and parcel it out to their

heirs, administrators, executors, and assigns. But the practical question of how the land could be worked, how homes could be built upon it, factories, etc., brought out a number of conflicting propositions. First, there were the Socialists (that is the branch of Socialism dominant in this country) claiming that the land should become the property of the State, its apportionment to be decided by committees representing the majority of any particular community directly concerned in such apportionment, the right to reapportion, however, remaining perpetually under the control of the State, and no one to receive any more advantage from an extra-fine locality than others, since the surplus in production of one spot over another would accrue to the State, and be expended in public benefits. To accomplish this, the Socialist proposed to use the political machinery now in existence —a machinery which he assures us is in every respect the political reflex of the economics of capitalism; his plan is the old, familiar one of voting your own men in; and when a sufficient number are in, then by legal enactment to dispossess the possessors, confiscate estates, and declare them the property of all.

Examination of this program, however, satisfied me that neither in the end nor the accomplishment was it desirable. For as to the end, it appeared perfectly clear that the individual would still be under the necessity of getting somebody's permission to go to work; that he would be subject to the decisions of a mass of managers, to regulations and regimentations without end. That while, indeed, it was possible he might have more of material comforts, still he would be getting them from a bountiful dispenser, who assumed the knowledge of how to deal them out, and when, and where. He would still be working, not at what he chose himself, but at what others decided was the most necessary labor for society. And as to the manner of bringing into power this new dispenser of opportunities, the apparent ease of it disappeared upon examination. It sounds exceedingly simple—and Socialists are considered practical people because of that apparent simplicity—to say vote your men in and let them legalize expropriation. But ignoring the fact of the long process of securing a legislative majority, and the precarious holding when it is

secured; ignoring the fact that meanwhile your men must either remain honest figure-heads or become compromising dealers with other politicians; ignoring the fact that officials once in office are exceedingly liable to insensible conversions (being like the boy, "anything to get that 'ere pup"); supposing all this overcome, Socialists and all legislative reformers are bound to be brought face to face with this,—that in accepting the present constitutional methods, they will sooner or later come against the judicial power, as reforms of a far less sweeping character have very often done in the past. Now the judges, if they act strictly according to their constitutional powers, have no right to say on the bench whether in their personal opinion the enactment is good or bad; they have only to pass upon its constitutionality; and certainly a general enactment for the confiscation of landholdings to the State would without doubt be pronounced unconstitutional. Then what is the end of all the practical, legal, constitutional effort? That you are left precisely where you were.

Another school of land reformers presented itself; an ingenious affair, by which property in land is to be preserved in name, and abolished in reality. It is based on the theory of economic rent;—not the ordinary, everyday rent we are all uncomfortably conscious of, once a month or so, but a rent arising from the diverse nature of localities. Starting with the proposition that land values are created by the community, not by the individual, the logic goes as follows. The advantages created by all must not be monopolized by one; but as one certain spot can be devoted to one use only at a given time, then the person or business thereon located should pay to the State the difference between what he can get out of a good locality and a poor locality, the amount to be expended in public improvements. This plan of taxation, it was claimed, would compel speculators in land either to allow their idle lands to fall into the hands of the State, which would then be put up at public auction and knocked down to the highest bidder, or they would fall to and improve them, which would mean employment to the idle, enlivening of the market, stimulation of trade, etc. Out of much discussion among themselves, it resulted that they were convinced that the great un-

occupied agricultural lands would become comparatively free, the scramble coming in over the rental of mines, water-powers, and—above all—corner lots in cities.

I did some considerable thinking over this proposition, and came to the conclusion it wouldn't do. First, because it did not offer any chance to the man who could actually bid nothing for the land, which was the very man I was after helping. Second, because the theory of economic rent itself seemed to me full of holes; for, while it is undeniable that some locations are superior to others for one purpose or another, still the discovery of the superiority of that location has generally been due to an individual. The location unfit for a brickyard may be very suitable for a celery plantation; but it takes the man with the discerning eye to see it; therefore this economic rent appeared to me to be a very fluctuating affair, dependent quite as much on the individual as on the presence of the community; and for a fluctuating thing of that sort it appeared quite plain that the community would lose more by maintaining all the officials and offices of a State to collect it, than it would to let the economic rent go. Third, this public disposing of the land was still in the hands of officials, and I failed to understand why officials would be any less apt to favor their friends and cheat the general public then than now.

Lastly and mostly, the consideration of the statement that those who possessed large landholdings would be compelled to relinquish or improve them; and that this improvement would stimulate business and give employment to the idle, brought me to the realization that the land question could never be settled by itself; that it involved the settling of the problem of how the man who did not work directly upon the earth, but who transformed the raw material into the manufactured product, should get the fruit of his toil. There was nothing in this Single Tax arrangement for him but the same old program of selling himself to an employer. This was to be the relief afforded to the fellow who had no money to bid for the land. New factories would open, men would be in demand, wages would rise! Beautiful program. But the stubborn fact always came up that no man would em-

ploy another to work for him unless he could get more for his product than he had to pay for it, and that being the case, the inevitable course of exchange and re-exchange would be that the man *having received less than the full amount,* could buy back less than the full amount, so that eventually the unsold products must again accumulate in the capitalist's hands; again the period of non-employment arrives, and my landless worker is no better off than he was before the Single Tax went into operation. I perceived, therefore, that some settlement of the whole labor question was needed which would not split up the people again into land possessors and employed wage-earners. Furthermore, my soul was infinitely sickened by the everlasting discussion about the rent of the corner lot. I conceived that the reason there was such a scramble over the corner lot was because the people were jammed together in the cities, for want of the power to spread out over the country. It does not lie in me to believe that millions of people pack themselves like sardines, worry themselves into dens out of which they must emerge "walking backward," so to speak, for want of space to turn around, poison themselves with foul, smoke-laden, fever-impregnated air, condemn themselves to stone and brick above and below and around, if they just didn't *have* to.

How, then, to make it possible for the man who has nothing but his hands to get back upon the earth and make use of his opportunity? There came a class of reformers who said, "Lo, now, the thing all lies in the money question! The land being free wouldn't make a grain of difference to the worker, unless he had the power to capitalize his credit and thus get the wherewith to make use of the land. See, the trouble lies here: the possessors of one particular form of wealth, gold and silver, have the sole power to furnish the money used to effect exchanges. Let us abolish this gold and silver notion; let all forms of wealth be offered as security, and notes issued on such as are accepted, by a mutual bank, and then we shall have money enough to transact all our business without paying interest for the borrowed use of an expensive medium which had far better be used in the arts. And then the man who goes upon the land can buy the tools to work it."

This sounded pretty plausible; but still I came back to the old question, how will the man who has nothing but his individual credit to offer, who has no wealth of any kind, how is he to be benefited by this bank?

And again about the tools: it is well enough to talk of his buying hand tools, or small machinery which can be moved about; but what about the gigantic machinery necessary to the operation of a mine, or a mill? It requires many to work it. If one owns it, will he not make the others pay tribute for using it?

And so, at last, after many years of looking to this remedy and to that, I came to these conclusions:—

That the way to get freedom to use the land is by no tampering and indirection, but plainly by the going out and settling thereon, and using it; remembering always that every newcomer has as good a right to come and labor upon it, become one of the working community, as the first initiators of the movement. That in the arrangement and determination of the uses of locations, each community should be absolutely free to make its own regulations. That there should be no such nonsensical thing as an imaginary line drawn along the ground, within which boundary persons having no interests whatever in common and living hundreds of miles apart, occupied in different pursuits, living according to different customs, should be obliged to conform to interfering regulations made by one another; and while this stupid division binds together those in no way helped but troubled thereby, on the other hand cuts right through the middle of a community united by proximity, occupation, home, and social sympathies.

Second:—I concluded that as to the question of exchange and money, it was so exceedingly bewildering, so impossible of settlement among the professors themselves, as to the nature of value, and the representation of value, and the unit of value, and the numberless multiplications and divisions of the subject, that the best thing ordinary workingmen or women could do was to organize their industry so as to get rid of money altogether. I figured it this way: I'm not any more a fool than the rest of ordinary humanity; I've figured and figured away on this thing for years, and directly I thought myself middling straight, there came another

ceeds in abstracting a percentage of the product, would money reformer and showed me the hole in that scheme, till, at last, it appears that between "bills of credit," and "labor notes" and "time checks," and "mutual bank issues," and "the invariable unit of value," none of them have any sense. How many thousands of years is it going to take to get this sort of thing into people's heads by mere preaching of theories? Let it be this way: Let there be an end of the special monopoly on securities for money issues. Let every community go ahead and try some member's money scheme if it wants; —let every individual try it if he pleases. But better for the working people let them all go. Let them produce together, co-operatively rather than as employer and employed; let them fraternize group by group, let each use what he needs of his own product, and deposit the rest in the storage-houses, and let those others who need goods have them as occasion arises.

With our present crippled production, with less than half the people working, with all the conservatism of vested interest operating to prevent improvements in methods being adopted, we have more than enough to supply all the wants of the people if we could only get it distributed. There is, then, no fixed estimate to be put upon possibilities. If one man working now can produce ten times as much as he can by the most generous use dispose of for himself, what shall be said of the capacities of the free worker of the future? And why, then, all this calculating worry about the exact exchange of equivalents? If there is enough and to waste, why fret for fear some one will get a little more than he gives? We do not worry for fear some one will drink a little more water than we do, except it is in a case of shipwreck; because we know there is quite enough to go around. And since all these measures for adjusting equivalent values have only resulted in establishing a perpetual means whereby the furnisher of money suc- it not be better to risk the occasional loss in exchange of things, rather than to have this false adjuster of differences perpetually paying itself for a very doubtful service?

Third:—On the question of machinery I stopped for some time; it was easy enough to reason that the land

which was produced by nobody belonged to nobody; comparatively easy to conclude that with abundance of product no money was needed. But the problem of the machinery required a great deal of pro-ing and con-ing; it finally settled itself down so: Every machine of any complexity is the accumulation of the inventive genius of the ages; no one man conceived it; no one man can make it; no one man therefore has a right to the exclusive possession of the social inheritance from the dead; that which requires social genius to conceive and social action to operate, should be free of access to all those desiring to use it.

Fourth:—In the contemplation of the results to follow from the freeing of the land, the conclusion was inevitable that many small communities would grow out of the breaking up of the large communities; that people would realize then that the vast mass of this dragging products up and down the world, which is the great triumph of commercialism, is economic insanity; illustration: Paris butter carted to London, and London butter to Paris! A friend of mine in Philadelphia makes shoes; the factory adjoins the home property of a certain Senator whose wife orders her shoes off a Chicago firm; this firm orders of the self-same factory, which ships the order to Chicago. Chicago ships them back to the Senator's wife; while any workman in the factory might have thrown them over her backyard fence! That, therefore, all this complicated system of freight transportation would disappear, and a far greater approach to simplicity be attained; and hence all the international bureaus of regulation, aimed at by Socialists, would become as unnecessary as they are obnoxious. I conceived, in short, that, instead of the workingman's planting his feet in the mud of the bottomless abyss of poverty, and seeing the trains of the earth go past his tantalized eyes, he carrying the whole thing as Atlas did the world, would calmly set his world down, climb up on it, and go gleefully spinning around it himself, becoming world-citizens indeed. Man, the emperor of products, not products the enslaver of man, became my dream.

At this point I broke off to inquire how much government was left; land titles all gone, stocks and bonds and guarantees of ownership in means of production gone

too, what was left of the State? Nothing of its existence in relation to the worker; nothing but its regulation of morals.

I had meanwhile come to the conclusion that the assumptions as to woman's inferiority were all humbug; that given freedom of opportunity, women were just as responsive as men, just as capable of making their own way, producing as much for the social good as men. I observed that women who were financially independent at present, took very little to the notion that a marriage ceremony was sacred, unless it symbolized the inward reality of psychological and physiological mateship; that most of them who were unfortunate enough to make an original mistake, or to grow apart later, were quite able to take their freedom from a mischievous bond without appealing to the law. Hence, I concluded that the State had nothing left to do here; for it has never attempted to do more than solve the material difficulties, in a miserable, brutal way; and these economic independence would solve for itself. As to the heartaches and bitterness attendant upon disappointments of this nature in themselves, apart from third-party considerations,—they are entirely a matter of individual temperament and ethical development, not to be assuaged by any State or social system.

The offices of the State were now reduced to the disposition of criminals. An inquiry into the criminal question made plain that the great mass of crimes are crimes against property; even those crimes arising from jealousy are property crimes resulting from the notion of a right of property in flesh. Allowing property to be eradicated, both in practice and spirit, no crimes are left but such as are the acts of the mentally sick—cases of atavism, which might well be expected occasionally, for centuries to come, as the result of all the repression poor humanity has experienced these thousands of years. An enlightened people, a people living in something like sane and healthy conditions, would consider these criminals as subjects for scientific study and treatment; would not retaliate and exhibit themselves as more brutal than the criminal, as is the custom to-day, but would "use all gently."

The State had now disappeared from my conception

of society; there remained only the application of Anarchism to those vague yearnings for the outpouring of new ideals in education, in literature, in art, in customs, social converse, and in ethical concepts. And now the way became easy; for all this talking up and down the question of wealth was foreign to my taste. But education! As long ago as I could remember I had dreamed of an education which should be a getting at the secrets of nature, not as reported through another's eyes, but just the thing itself; I had dreamed of a teacher who should go out and attract his pupils around him as the Greeks did of old, and then go trooping out into the world, free monarchs, learning everywhere—learning nature, learning man, learning to know life in all its forms, and not to hug one little narrow spot and declare it the finest one on earth for the patriotic reason that they live there. And here I picked up Wm. Morris' "News from Nowhere," and found the same thing. And there were the new school artists in France and Germany, the literateurs, the scientists, the inventors, the poets, all breaking way from ancient forms. And there were Emerson and Channing and Thoreau in ethics, preaching the supremacy of individual conscience over the law,—indeed, all that mighty trend of Protestantism and Democracy, which every once in a while lifts up its head above the judgments of the commonplace in some single powerful personality. That indeed is the triumphant word of Anarchism; it comes as the logical conclusion of three hundred years of revolt against external temporal and spiritual authority—the word which has no compromise to offer, which holds before us the unswerving ideal of the Free Man.

AN IMPRESSION OF MAXIM GORKY

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

THERE must have been many of us who felt a sense of intimate kinship with Maxim Gorky long before he came to America. Haunting descriptions of the man, little quotations from his writings, had been drifting about the world, and it was impossible to escape their significance. One felt instinctively the influence of a new personality, unique and dominating.

I cannot remember when I first heard his name, but I remember vividly the first of his stories that came into my hands. It was "Twenty-six and One"—that black and bitter description of a baker's cellar and of hopeless wage slavery. I did not need to be told that Gorky had lived through that experience himself. The story was wet with his tears.

From "Twenty-six and One" I turned to the whole world of thought and of feeling opened by Gorky's art. It was like an undiscovered country. And first of all, I felt in his work the poetic note. Only a poet of high imagination could have created such types as Malva and Chelkash and Konavalov. Gorky's tramps and vagabonds never seem like ordinary human beings. They are missionaries of the spirit—symbols of the eternal quest.

I found in Gorky not merely poetic imagination, but lyric ecstasy. At its best his art is like a gleam of iridescent color piercing the murk and fog of daily life. As I try to recall it I think of the shimmer of waves, the eagle-flight, and the far stretches of the steppes. But his lyricism is set against a background often dark and forbidding. "I have come from below," he reminds us, "from the nethermost ground of life, where is naught but sludge and murk." He has seen abysses of desolation. He describes for us "creatures that once were men" and wintry winds that play about the heads of poor outcasts. One does not forget such pictures. They live in the mind for ever.

* * *

In the first flush of his fame he came to us. He came very quietly, yet he was greeted like a king. The people of America rallied to that great figure. A wave of en-

thusiasm swept over the whole country, and in New York the atmosphere surrounding him was electric.

I shall never forget a reception given to him in his hotel two or three days after his arrival. It was then that I saw him first. He stood at the door of his apartment with his friend Andreieva, her dark eyes and exquisite personality setting off the grim ruggedness of his frame and towering head. All the tragedy of his people, all their sufferings and all their dreams, seemed concentrated in his massive face.

* * *

And then, almost before we realized that he was with us, came his débacle. In all the strange whirligig of time and circumstance since the world began, I know of nothing stranger, more poignant, than this. To be received one day like a king, and then to be turned out on to the streets like a cur—is an experience that was reserved for Gorky alone among men. It could not have happened in any country or in any age except our own. It was left for America in the twentieth century to inflict this crowning humiliation on one of the greatest men who ever visited her shores.

The pitiful press spewed its venom upon him, and even he, strong man that he is, was dazed and stunned by the clamor and the hubbub. His bungling friends tried to hide him—actually tried to hide him!—but at last he found a refuge in a Socialist home on Staten Island.

I visited him there one Spring day, and felt anew the magic of his personality. I think of him now as he came into the room, stooping, and brushing back the hair from his wrinkled forehead. There was something infinitely sad about him. He seemed as one who had suffered all that it is possible to suffer. Yet he was very gentle and childlike. His face reflected a hundred little nuances and moods. Gusts of emotion swept across it as the wind passes over water. Only a Slav could have been at once so subtle and so elemental, so lethargic and so intense.

I think of him in the days that followed, and of the earnest but fruitless efforts he made to enlist the sympathies of America in the cause of Russian revolution. He went to Philadelphia to speak at a public meeting in a theatre, in behalf of his people. I think of him as I saw

him on that stage—with arms outstretched, a very Christ of the proletaire!

I think of him, too, as he stood with Madame Andreieva at a theatre door in New York, paying a tribute of respect and admiration to Sarah Bernhardt.

I think of him again as he watched the ballet at the New York Hippodrome; or passed in an automobile through the garish lights of Coney Island.

Like a Nietzschean Superman he turned to the mountains, with his loved one, and worked all the summer, persistently, ceaselessly, hewing out a new epic of Russian life. It was there I saw him for the last time, his grim, impenctrable figure standing out in bold relief against a panorama of almost Alpine grandeur.

When he returned to New York a few months later, the American people seemed to have lost all interest in him. Only a handful were at the dock on the day of his departure. I am told that his heart was as lead, and that he felt his visit to this country had been an utter failure.

But men like Gorky cannot fail. They light little fires here, there, everywhere, until finally all the world is ablaze!

* * *

FLY LEAVES FROM RUSSIA.

STEPHAN BALMASCHOFF.

UNHAPPY outraged Freedom, when Balmaschoff was born, did you not raise your head in hope, and smile through your tears?

And you, Autocracy, when your bloody eyeballs peered into his cradle, did you not think apprehensively of your servants? Did you not fear for the safety of Sipyagin—companion to Grand Duke Constantine and teacher of Minister Plehve—whose name is written so deep in blood that not all the snows of Siberia could erase it, whose despotism caused so many tears to flow that he could drown in them, at whose bidding villages were destroyed and women violated, whose inhumanity killed such numbers that no single graveyard could hold them?

In 1902 these two characters met. The same small roof covered the scarlet despot and the youthful student. Around the same little desk Sipyagin and Balmaschoff

gathered. In the same common room stood the blood-blotched prop of Reaction, and the darling child of Revolution.

Comrades, this is how it happened.

Dressed in the picturesque costume of a Russian officer, Balmaschoff entered Sipyagin's office. His head was high, his step was sure. In his hand he held a dispatch, and he spoke impatiently to the guard. "I am the adjutant of the Grand Duke Constantine," he said. "I have an important paper for Sipyagin. I must see him at once."

He was admitted to Sipyagin's presence. He handed him the document. Sipyagin opened it. Balmaschoff spoke. Sipyagin looked up—into the barrel of a Browning.

"This is your death warrant," said the student. He pressed the trigger, and the blessed little bullet that swiftly sped from the muzzle made one tyrant less in the world.

Balmaschoff did not attempt to escape. He had done his work. His task was accomplished. His career was finished. All was over. He asked not for mercy. He did not plead for clemency. He wished nothing. He was twenty-one—a man—old enough to wear the hempen collar.

At the dawn of a spring morning, when the heaven was aglow and afire, and the virginal white mingled with the flaming crimson, while sailing cloudlets floated softly by and a light wind stirred the new-born leaves, and a young bud burst into bloom—a gendarm in uniform, an officer with epaulets, a hangman in blood-robes, and a priest with a gilded crucifix stood in the yard of the Schlüsselburg Prison.

A rope was jerked, and a boy died smiling.

VICTOR ROBINSON.

THE JOYS OF TOURING

I KNOW that I came into the world in a "respectable" manner, like all "decent" people, in bed, surrounded by loving relatives whose first expression of affection for the poor infant is to smother it with clothes and feathers. I am certain I shall not leave this world of ours in a like manner. Should I be spared the merciful accompaniment of the law, some speeding train is sure to lead me into a better world. I know it, because I spend more time in trains than anywhere else. It isn't likely to happen very soon, though; my constitution is guarantee for that. Anyone who can survive twenty years of tossing about in the foul and suffocating air of our railroad cars must indeed be strong.

So here I am again in a rumbling train, en route to St. Louis. The temperature is that of a July day in New York. The Lord forbid that a window be opened; an uprising is certain to ensue; but as the passengers are all well behaved Americans, such a thing must not be. Besides, we Americans can stand anything, except air. We are ready to submit to any abuse, any imposition or insults, but air, fresh air! Never.

With the crisis causing want and misery among thousands, and tortured by a racking cough when I left New York Feb. 13th, I did not think I should have either strength or the necessary wherewithal to reach St. Louis; but the Gods are good to those who doubt them.

* * *

Montreal, the city of the dark ages, priestcraft and churches, proved unusually wide awake this time. Two packed Jewish meetings. But then, Jewish meetings are always packed—with men, women, infants, and baby-carriages. The herding instinct of my race has aided its survival, despite all the horrors it was made to endure. Besides, what would become of progress were it not for the Jews? To be sure, there are some American radicals, Socialists, and Anarchists, but it is a radicalism that will not forego a single comfort or expose itself to any inconvenience, least of all strive to make itself known. It thrives in seclusion, for it dreads nothing so much as public opinion. There are a few happy exceptions, of course, but they are either impractical or foreignized. There was

Albert Parsons; how stupid of him to have taken his place with his comrades, when he might have saved himself and continued to do work in a "quiet and respectable" way. There is Voltairine; why the duce does she want to speak at an unemployed meeting of Italians and Jews? It is a pity such people will not use wisdom and declare themselves once for all lovers of peace, "philosophic Anarchists." But as I said, these few hot-heads are foreignized; the bulk of our American radicals would positively die of inertia and anaemia, were it not for the Jews constantly infusing new blood into their system. Some day our radicals may awaken to the realization that social changes are made by man and not by theories; nor are such changes brought about at five o'clock teas or parlor gatherings, and least of all through fear and dread of public opinion and the sacredness of the law.

Well, whether it is agreeable or not, the Jewish Anarchists are acquainting Americans with Anarchism, especially since they have learned to realize that it is the English-speaking public that needs awakening. Their sleep being almost death-like, it requires more energy, more constant and systematic respiratory efforts.

Such efforts the "Arbeiter Freund" group of Montreal has certainly brought into play when it arranged the English meeting Sunday, Feb. 15th. No wonder it was a great success, especially from an educational standpoint. The same newspapers that gave a fair interview with myself, together with other papers, hastened to sound the alarm of horror. A meeting on Sunday, in superstition-ridden Montreal, and attended by Canadians! Canadians, who were so bold-faced as to publicly declare themselves in sympathy with the lecture on "The Relation of Trade Unionism to Anarchism," and even offer a vote of thanks to the speaker! Unheard of! Of course it is the fault of those bad foreign Anarchists; if it were not for those creatures Canada would continue to be dull and pious and stupid. But as it is, some light may enter benighted Canada, and that's more than the average newspaper editor can stand.

The "Arbeiter Freund" group has proven what perseverance and enthusiasm can accomplish. Go on, dear comrades, and we will soon have the Montreal inhabitants interested in modern ideas.

Toronto lacks the energy of the Montreal group; therefore meetings are never very extensively attended. Still, the quality of the English-speaking audience made up for the lack of quantity, and that is, after all, the main consideration.

* * *

London, Ont. For all that its people have ever done for their advancement, the city might as well not be on the map. It was therefore very daring, indeed, on the part of Sarah and Meyer Hornstein—two beautiful progressive souls transplanted into a desert—to arrange two English meetings at their own expense. But daring will yet conquer the world; meanwhile it has succeeded in bringing Anarchy before a London audience. It was a small gathering, but a hundred and twenty-five people; quite a victory, though, as compared to the twenty-five beings who mustered up enough courage to see Mary Shaw in "Ghosts."

The first meeting, on Feb. 19th, was not very spirited. Those who ventured to come at all, did so because curiosity is often stronger than even the instinct of life or the fear of public opinion. The next day, no dynamite explosions having been reported, no arrest and no breaking up of the metting, the Ontarians took courage, and evidenced considerable interest and enthusiasm. The important feature of the meetings was the large sale of literature and the winning of some subscribers to MOTHER EARTH. I am glad I ventured to London; not so much because of the great achievements of my lectures, but because of the pleasure of meeting two genuine souls, Sarah and Meyer Hornstein. The two days I spent in their quiet and restful home, the sleigh ride on the crisp white snow, competing with the gold of the warm sun, were a treat indeed.

* * *

Cleveland has not changed since last March. The blank and dismal Union Station is still there, as are the smoke and dirt on the streets. The Single Tax Mayor, too, is there; but lukewarm reforms have never yet regenerated a people, nor loosened the iron grip of poverty created through economic inequality. True, the demonstration of the unemployed in Cleveland passed off without police brutality. But even if the Cleveland police were as savage

as those of Philadelphia, they would have done nothing to the marchers—they were so well behaved, so peaceful, they carried the star spangled banner with such meekness. Why should they not have been permitted to march! And the leaders—of course they were as orderly as behooves Socialists who cringe before the sacredness of the law even more than the ordinary conservative. No red flags, deathly silence, no complaints! Such were the orders to the marchers, whose empty stomachs and empty heads lacked the power of resistance.

Something, however, did change in Cleveland. The Progressive Library has new quarters, light and airy, a fine reading room, many books and magazines, and a new spirit of activity. Our boys are making themselves felt in the Jewish unions which they have helped to federate. They have also successfully carried on a bread strike, and are doing good work in general.

The meetings were satisfactory in every way. There is much progressive material in Cleveland; unfortunately, they are in the fog and smoke of reform attempts, which accomplish nothing except robbing the people of initiative and self-reliance.

* * *

Toledo, too, suffers from an imaginary disease which resists cures more stubbornly than a real malady. There, a gentleman who spends his idle time writing, at the expense of the people, about social problems, is making the Toledians believe that he is doing something for them. The city is in the most neglected condition, with thousands of unemployed; but that cannot be helped, of course; at least, not right away. Gradually, through the Initiative and Referendum, may be ——. American politicians are like American dramatists and American ladies. Poor, barbarian Europe! If it were not for you, the American dramatist could write no drama for lack of material; American women would stalk about naked for lack of styles, and American reform politicians would run short of campaign speakers and election bait. Initiative and Referendum, which have proven such a farce in Switzerland, merely helping the government increase the army to be used during strikes, are now being given to the poor American voters as a new panacea for all ills.

But where does the traffic in patent medicines thrive better than in America?

That the Toledo meetings were poorly attended was due partly to the cowardice of the "Arbeiter Ring" that invited me to lecture, but lost heart when it was called on to do work openly. The entire responsibility was thrown upon the shoulders of one comrade, who has been out of work for many months, and who lacks the language at that. Still, he did his utmost, for which I am grateful to him. The inclement weather, too, was a handicap. The ice on the sidewalks of Toledo made it dangerous for anyone to venture out. That thousands of the unemployed might be put to shoveling snow and clearing the sidewalks, thus giving them a chance to earn a few dollars and saving the city from disease, has probably never occurred to the reform politicians. They are far too busy with the Initiative and Referendum.

* * *

In all the cities so far visited I have found among the comrades a very live and active interest in our recently organized Federation. There is a spirit of enthusiasm which augurs well for the work mapped out by the new organization: more systematic and energetic propaganda of Anarchism.

St. Louis, February 27th. EMMA GOLDMAN.

P. S.—Communications will reach me at the following addresses: Chicago, Ill., 970 N. Winchester Avenue (March 5-19); Milwaukee, Wis., General Delivery (March 20, 21, and 22); New Ulm, Minn., General Delivery (March 23 and 24); Minneapolis, Minn., 565 N. 6th Avenue (March 25-30); Winnipeg, Man., Canada, 452 Manitoba Avenue (March 31 to April 6).

THE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA

AN APPEAL

A MEETING of the unemployed was called for Thursday, Feb. 20, at 2 P. M., by the Jewish and Italian Anarchist Groups. The hall was overpacked before the hour, and at about 2.30 the lower hall was opened for an overflow meeting. In both halls some two thousand people were assembled. The major portion were Italians; the remainder chiefly Russian Jews. The first speaker at the upstairs meeting was De Bella, in Italian; I followed in English; then Weinberg in Jewish; then another Italian speaker, whose name I do not know; and lastly Geo. Brown had started to speak in English. At this point a voice at the back of the hall cried something in Italian; what it was I cannot say, but all the people began to crowd for the door. In vain the chairman, Mr. Brown, and an Italian speaker called to them to remain and listen. In vain we protested with some on the platform against the uselessness of going out in a demonstration with so few people. The people wished to go and they went. What their purpose was, I do not know; it is possible they meant to ask the authorities at the City Hall to relieve their condition. Whatever it was, they went. And the inevitable followed. They were met by the police, who began brutally clubbing the people. Some resented this with force, and were clubbed into insensibility. Fortunately no one was killed, although several shots were fired.

In the end three Italians were held charged with inciting to riot and assault and battery with intent to kill; Comrade Weinberg and myself were arrested the next day charged with inciting to riot; and later two young members of the Radical Library were arrested for the heinous offense of having hired the hall and distributed circulars; a third young man whom none of us know, and who, so far as I am able to learn, was not even present at the meeting, was also arrested. These three have since been discharged, after having been five days in jail.

After a two hours' hearing, Comrade Weinberg and myself were held for court under $1,500 bail each, which is the present standing of the case. The State presented

only one witness against us, a Mr. John Karet, who, as it appeared to me, was not over-anxious to give his testimony, and was apparently conscientious. He was somewhat confused in his recollection of events, however, and altogether in error concerning some things. He did not say that we had counseled violence, or the demonstration, but that our speeches had excited the people. The evidence of the excitement was that the people had greatly applauded.

My speech was fortunately written, and appeared in full in two of the daily papers of Friday, Feb. 21, viz.: the *Public Ledger* and the *Evening Bulletin.* Thus a great number of people have been reached, who would under other circumstances not have been reached, and while it is likely that the larger portion will condemn, some will be led to think.

In the meantime the city administration has overstepped itself by indiscriminate interference with all manner of meetings, and the reaction against them is setting in from all quarters. We shall of course have to re-establish our right to hold meetings, as we have done twice before with other administrations, and we shall succeed.

Meantime the trial may come off any day, and we ask that those who are able to assist with money for the defense, send subscriptions to N. Notkin, 2630 East Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

We heartily join the above appeal of our Philadelphia comrades.

EMMA GOLDMAN,
ALEXANDER BERKMAN,
HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

OUR SOCIAL SYSTEM

By H. KELLY.

REFERRING recently to the report of the State Labor Bureau we mentioned that 16½ per cent. of the organized labor in the State of New York had been out of work the *entire time* for the five years preceding July, 1907. The same bureau now furnishes us with a report of the conditions of labor in this State for the last half of 1907. Ninety-two representative labor organizations were visited, and out of a total membership of 66,120 no less than 22,627—or 34.2 per cent.—were idle. The reason given by 90 per cent. was "no work."

When some poor benighted foreigner forgets himself so far as to criticise some of our methods, and hints that an improvement might not be out of place, he is informed that he does not understand or appreciate the "genius of our institutions." The intelligence of the American people, and the genius of their institutions are a happy combination. In order to stimulate the ambition of the average citizen and wealth producer to become a Rockefeller or a Morgan we deprive 34.2 per cent. of the population of the opportunity to create wealth and earn a living. If you are unable to see intelligence or genius in such a system, it is because you are shortsighted or are of the 34.2 per cent.

What would be thought of a hundred men emigrating to the wilds of Africa to build a new society and deciding in their collective wisdom that it would serve the best interests of all if 16—34 men were not allowed to work. Insane would be a mild adjective to hurl at them, for surely we would urge that if it be useful and beneficial to create wealth, why deny any man the opportunity to do so? When we consider the ethical side of such a system we are confronted with the very obvious fact that with such a proportion of idle men—most of them without means of subsistence—the demoralizing influence upon the community must be very great.*)

---

* Police Commissioner Bingham reports that 110 burglaries were committed in Greater New York during the week of February 16th to 23rd, and assigns as the cause the large number of unemployed in the city at that time.

It is unfortunately but too true that this community, or any other we know of, is not composed entirely of workers and producers of wealth; therefore the figures given above are not absolute in their accuracy. If we consider that the above statistics are based upon *organized* labor, we may safely assume the net percentage of the unemployed, organized and unorganized, to be much greater. The trade unions try, wherever possible, to limit the hours of labor their members shall work, and in this way provide work for a larger percentage of their members than the unskilled and unorganized mass can do.

To question our social system used to be heresy; it is now merely heretical to advise a remedy. To talk of a society wherein all men shall work, is to be dubbed impractical; to think of one where all men shall do *useful work*, is to be dubbed an enemy of society. In the abstract, who will deny the practicability and sanity of such ideas? To teach a child self-reliance and responsibility, give it a trade, profession, or calling is considered the most elementary of all duties a parent should perform. We demonstrate our intelligence and sanity by performing such functions only to nullify them when the child grows to manhood. We deny him the opportunity to use his intelligence, expend his energy, and express his vitality in the creation of useful things, and thus rob his fellowmen of just so much energy and creative ability as he possesses. It is a problem the solution of which we leave to "practical men" like E. H. Harriman and his friend Theodore Roosevelt.

WHERE THE WHITE ROSE DIED

By Voltairine de Cleyre

IT was late at night, a raw, rough-shouldering night, that shoved men in corners as having no business in the street, and the few people in the northbound car drew themselves into themselves, radiating hedgehog quills of feeling at their neighbors. Presently there came in a curious figure, clothed in the drapery of its country's honor, the blue flannel flapping very much about its legs. I looked at its feet first, because they were so very small and girlish, and because the owner of them adjusted the flapping pants with the coquetry of

a maiden switching her skirts. Then I glanced at the hands: they also were small and womanish, and constantly in motion. At last, the face, expecting a fresh young boy's, not long away from some country village. It was the sunk, seamed face of a man of forty-five, seared, and with iron-gray eyebrows, but lit by twinkling young eyes, that gleamed at everything good-humoredly. The sailor's pancake with its official lettering was pushed rakishly down and forward, and looking at hat and wearer, one instinctively turned milliner and decorated the "shape" with aigrette and bows,—they would nod so accordant with the flirting head. Presently the restless hands went up and gave the hat another tilt, went down and straightened the "divided skirt," folded themselves an instant while the little feet began tattooing the car floor, and the scintillant eyes looked general invitation all round the car. No perceptible shrinkage of quills, however, so the eyes wandered over to their image in the plate glass, and directly the hat got another coquettish dip, and the skirts another flirt and settle.

The conductor came in: some one to talk to at last! "Will you let me off at Ninth and Race?"

The dim chill of a smile shivered over the other faces in the car. Ninth and Race! Who ever heard a defender of his country's glory ask a conductor on a street car in Philadelphia for any other point than Ninth and Race!

The conductor nodded appreciatively: "Just come to the city, I suppose," he said interlocutively.

The sailor plucked off his hat, exhibiting his label with child-like vanity. "S. S. Alabama. Here for three days just. Been over in New York."

"Like it?" remarked the conductor, prolonging his stay inside the car.

The hat went on again proudly: "Sixteen years in the service. Yes, sir. *Six*-teen years. The service is all right. The service is good enough for me. Live there. Expect to die there. Sixteen years. You won't forget to let me off at Ninth and Race."

"No. Going to see Chinatown?"

"Sure. Chinatown's all right. Seen it in Hong Kong. Want to see it in Philadelphia."

O cradle of my country's freedom! These are your

defenders,—these to whom your chief delight is your stews and your brothels, your fantans and your opium dens, your sinks of filth and your cesspools of slime! Let them only be as they were "at Hong Kong"—or worse—and "the service" asks no more. He will live in it and die in it, and it's good enough for him. Oh, not your old-time patriotic legends, nor the halls of the great Rebel Birth, nor the solemn, silent Bell that once proclaimed liberty throughout the land, nor the piteous relics of your dead wise men, nor any dream of your bright pure young days when yet you were "a fair greene country towne," swims up in the vision of "the service" when he sets his foot within your borders, filling him with devotion to Our Lady Liberty, and drawing him to New World pilgrim shrines. Not these, oh no, not these. But your leper spot, your Old World plague-house, your breeding-ground of pest-begotten human vermin! So there is Chinatown, and electric glare enough upon it, and rat-holes enough within it, "the service" is good enough for him,—he will shoot to order in your defense till he dies!

Rat-tat-tat went the little feet upon the floor, and the pancake got another rakish pull. Presently the active figure squared sharply about and faced the door. The car had stopped, and a drunken man was staggering in. The sailor caught him good-humoredly in his arms, swung him about, and seated him beside himself with a comforting "Now you're all right, sir; sit right here, my friend."

The drunkard had a sodden, stupid face and bleary eyes from which the alcohol was oozing. In his shaking hand he held a bunch of delicate half-opened roses, hot-house roses, cream and pink; the odor of them drifted faintly through the car like a waif of summer. Something like a sigh of relaxation exhaled from the hedgehogs, and a dozen commiserating eyes were fastened on the ill-fated flowers,—so fragile, so sweet, so inoffensive, so wantonly sacrificed. The hot, unsteady, clutching hand had already burned the stems, and the pale, helpless faces of the roses drooped heavily.

The drunkard, full of beery effervescence, cast a bubbling look over the car, and spying a young lady opposite, suddenly stood up and offered the bouquet to

her. She stared resolutely through him, seeing and hearing nothing, not even the piteous child-blossoms, with their pleading, downbent heads, and with a confused muttering of "No offense, no offense you know," the man sank back again. As he did so the uncertain fingers released one stem, and a cream-white bloom went fluttering down, like a butterfly with broken wings. There it lay, jolting back and forth on the dirty floor, and no one dared to pick it up.

Presently the drunkard sopped over comfortably on the sailor's shoulder, who, with a generally directed wink of bonhomie, settled him easily, bestowing a sympathetic pat upon the bloated cheek. The conductor disturbed the situation by asking for his fare. The drunkard stupidly rubbed his eyes and offered his flowers in place of the nickel. Again they were refused; and after a fluctuant search in his pockets between intervals of nodding, the dirty, over-fingered bit of metal was produced, accepted—and still the dying blossoms shivered in the torturer's hands.

He was drowsing off again, when, by some sudden turn of the obstructed machinery in his skull, his lids opened and he struggled up; the image of myself must have swam suddenly across the momentarily acting eye-nerve, and with gurgling deference, at the immanent risk of losing his equilibrium once more, he proffered the bouquet to me, grabbing the heads and presenting them stem-end towards. A smothered snuffle went round the car.

I wanted them, Oh, how I wanted them! My heart beat suffocatingly with the sense of baffled pity and rage and cowardice. Who was he, that drunken sot, with his smirching, wabbling hand, that I should fear to take the roses from him? Why must I grind my teeth and sit there helpless, while those beautiful things were crushed and blasted and torn in living fragments? I could take them home, I could give them drink, they would lift up their heads, they would open wide, for days they would make the room sweet, and the pale, soft glory of their inimitable petals would shine like a luminous promise across the winter. Nobody wanted them, nobody cared; this sodden beast in the flare-up of his consciousness wished to be quit of them. *Why* might I not take them?

Something sharp bit and burned my eyelids as I glanced at the one on the floor. The conductor had stepped on it and crushed it open; and there lay the marvelous creamy leaves, curled at their edges like kiss-seeking lips, each with its glory greater than Solomon's, all fouled and ruined in the human reek.

And I dared not save the others! Miserable coward!

I forced my hands tighter in my pockets and turned my head away towards the outside night and the backward slipping street. Between me and it, a dim reflection wavered, the image of the thing that stood there before me; and somewhere, like a far-off, dulled bell, I heard the words, "And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created He him."—The sailor, no doubt with the kindly intention of relieving me from annoyance, and not averse to play with anything, made pretence of seizing the roses. Then the drunkard, in an abandon of generosity, began tearing off the blossoms by the heads, scrutinizing, and casting each away as unfit for the exalted service of his "friend," till the latter reaching out managed to get hold of a white one with a stem. He trimmed its sheltering green carefully, brought out a long black pin, stuck it through the stalk, and fastened the pale shining head against his dark blue blouse. All hedgehoggery smiled. We had thrust the roses through with our forbidding quills,—what matter that a barbarian nail crucified this last one? The drunkard slept again, limply holding his scattering bunch of headless stems and torn foliage. Pink and cream the petals strewed the floor. Where was the loving hand that had nursed them to bloom in this hard, unwonted weather; loved and nursed and—*sold* them?

"Ninth and Race," sang out the conductor. The sailor sprang up with a merry grin, bowed gaily to everyone, twinkled his fingers in the air with a blithe "Ta ta; I'm off for Chinatown," as he slid through the door, and was away in a trice, tripping down to the pestiferous sink that was awaiting him somewhere. And on his breast he wore the pallid flower that had offered its stainless beauty to me, that I had loved,—and had not loved enough to save. The rest were dead; but that one—somewhere down there in a den where even the gas-choked lights were leering like prostitutes' eyes, down there in that trough of swill and swine, that pure, still thing had yet to die.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

The Confédération Générale du Travail is energetically continuing its battle with the capitalistic régime. Militarism, the deadliest enemy of progress and labor's emancipation, is the centre of attack. *La Voix du Peuple*, the official organ of the Confédération, has again devoted a recent issue—No. 383—to an attack on militarism, splendidly illustrated by Grandjouan—our artist-comrade who was tried and acquitted not long ago for his anti-militarist illustrations in No. 365 of the same paper.

* * *

The authorities are prosecuting *L'Action Syndicale*, edited by Broutchoux, on the charge of anti-militarism. When Comrade Broutchoux was tried on a similar charge a few years ago, it was Aristide Briand, the then Socialist, who enthusiastically defended him, addressing the prisoner as his *cher camarade*. To-day Briand, as Minister of Justice, leads the prosecution of his former "comrade" Broutchoux. Thus change times and—Socialists.

* * *

As was reported in a previous issue, Gustave Hervé, publisher of *La Guerre Sociale*, has been condemned to one year imprisonment and a large fine for his anti-militarist activity. Consequent upon his condemnation, Hervé has been expelled by the French bar, the action being forced upon the Bar Association by the raving of the bourgeois press.

There is no room for an honest man among lawyers.

* * *

Comrade Coloungy, editor of *La Vie Sociale*, at Nancy, had republished an article from *La Guerre Sociale* in which the soldiers were lauded for their refusal to shoot down the wine growers of southern France. For this "crime" our comrade was condemned to two years' prison. Comrade Merle, the original author of the article, had previously been sentenced to four years' incarceration.

* * *

Comrade Girault was condemned at Epernay to eight months for his active syndicalist agitation.

SPAIN.

Brutal reaction is apparently triumphant for the moment. We are in receipt of the following communication from our comrades in Barcelona:

"Dear Comrades of MOTHER EARTH. The Government has suspended in Barcelona all constitutional guarantees. The city is practically under martial law. The police are pursuing the most shameless methods in their persecution of the Anarchists. The office of our paper *Tierra y Libertad* has been filled with police spies. The editors and contributors have all been arrested at a recent meeting. Governor Gallardo has closed the doors of the Etudes Sociales, the school which has proved such a beneficent centre of educational activity. On the occasion of the suppression of the school, Comrades Julia Iborra and Manuela Ballbona were terribly maltreated by the police and imprisoned. The arrests total thirty, not to mention the numerous cases of exile. Our publications, *El Rebelde, Tramontana,* and *Tierra y Libertad* are being harassed by the authorities in every way imaginable and suffer weekly confiscation.

"All this persecution notwithstanding, we have succeeded recently in holding several meetings, and plans are under way to continue our propaganda with renewed energy.

"The government is strenuously endeavoring to produce a condition of affairs which might enable it to put on the statute books a new law, specifically directed against revolutionary Anarchists. With this object in view, agents of the authorities have caused several bombs to explode in the streets of Barcelona. Nothing is base enough for the government to stoop to.

"The proposed new law is to serve as an amendment to the anti-Anarchist statute of 1894. It reads:

" 'The government shall have the right to suppress any and all Anarchist publications in any place coming under the royal decree. Anarchists may be arrested in hotels, restaurants, and all places of amusement. The government has further the right to arrest and expel from the country all those aiding to disseminate Anarchist ideas by word, deed, illustration, or example. In case one who has been expelled should return to Spain, he shall be arrested and deported to a penal colony, the

term of detention being left to the discretion of the court; it should in no case, however, be for less than three years.'"

Governments never learn the lesson of history. Repression and persecution have never yet succeeded in extinguishing the burning fires of liberty.

* * *

We congratulate our Madrid comrades on the birth of their new weekly, *Liberación*. Address: Oso, 19 Principal izguierda, Madrid.

PORTUGAL.

It is reported from Lisbon that the graves of the three men who lost their lives during the assassination of the King and Crown Prince are being daily visited by great multitudes who decorate them with flowers and wreaths.

The Republican papers of the country glorify the men who killed the King, and demand the punishment of Lieutenant Figuera who sabred one of the King's slayers.

This noble attitude of the press fills one with joy. But how disgusting, by comparison, is the spectacle of "free republics" shedding crocodile tears over the death of royalty and damning the men who have rid their country of the vampires.

* * *

Dictator Franco having fled the country to save his worthless carcass from popular anger, all those imprisoned by his orders have been freed. The Draconian laws, which authorized every petty judge to deport "undesirables," have been abolished. The marine soldiers who had mutinied in April, 1906, have received full amnesty.

ITALY.

The government has visited its terrible wrath upon the leaders of the popular uprising in Crespellano, who had recently established their independence by refusing to recognize the authorities. Twenty-nine of the most active element have fallen into the clutches of the law. They were summarily convicted, receiving an aggregate sentence of fifty-two years.

* * *

Ezio Bartalani, editor of *La Pace* in Genoa, was convicted and imprisoned for four years for anti-militarist propaganda. Other charges are also being brought

against Comrades Bartalani and Fanny dal Ry, in connection with their joint translation into Italian of Hervé's work, "Leur Patrie."

* * *

Maria Rygier, the energetic Polish revolutionist, one of the most active in the Italian movement, has again been condemned to fifty-two months' incarceration. Addressing her judges she said, "I do not ask you for mercy. Your sentence does not terrify me. Persecution cannot suppress our movement. In spite of all your efforts, the idea of anti-militarism is marching forward."

GERMANY.

Legal justice has claimed another victim. Comrade Gustav Schünemann, editor of *Der Revolutionär*, has been condemned to eighteen months' prison—an outrageously excessive sentence even for German conditions. Our comrade is alleged to have repeatedly incited class hatred by his articles. Even the Socialist *Vorwärts*, whom no one could accuse of undue friendship towards Anarchists, stamps the sentence of the court as an outrage.

Another comrade, R. Oestreich, was tried on the charge of publishing the brochure "War to War." Like Comrade Schünemann, he was also condemned to eighteen months' prison.

In Cologne several comrades recently stood trial on the charge of distributing an anti-militarist pamphlet called "Soldatenbrevier." Two of the defendants were sentenced to ten months' prison each; a third received five, and another two months.

But Anarchists are not to be terrorized by all this persecution. Our Berlin contemporaries, *Der Freie Arbeiter* and *Der Revolutionär*, are continuing their propaganda.

SWITZERLAND.

The rent strike is one of the most interesting phenomena of the social battle; if carried out on a large scale, it is also one of the most successful. Almost every country is now witnessing the application of this method.

Recently we have reported the extensive rent strikes in Italy and Argentine. The latest addition is Zürich, where the revolt of the tenants is in a fair way to result most triumphantly.

AUSTRIA.

The well-known revolutionist, Wanda Dobrodzika, has been acquitted by the jury of Wadowice, at Galicia. Our noble comrade was charged by the Russian government with throwing a bomb at Governor General Skallon, of Warsaw, wounding him severely. She succeeded in escaping to Austria. By contracting there a marriage with a native, she foiled the attempts of the Bear to have her extradited. The Austrian government sought to have our comrade brought to trial at Vienna, where a German bourgeois jury could be relied on to convict Dobrodzika. Energetic protests by Socialist members of Parliament succeeded in having the trial take place at Galicia, where our comrade naturally had the sympathy of the populace.

ENGLAND.

Our movement is making very satisfactory progress, especially among the Jewish element. We are glad to report that *Der Arbeiter Freund* (Workers' Friend), the Anarchist Communist weekly, is soon to appear in enlarged form.

In the significant month of March our London contemporary celebrates its twenty-second anniversary. The educational work accomplished by this publication is inestimable. We rejoice that the important activity of *Der Arbeiter Freund* is to have greater scope.

Germinal, the Yiddish monthly, is hereafter to appear with greater regularity. Among its contributors we note the names of such well-known American comrades as Dr. Solotareff, M. Katz, and I. Enteen. To those of our readers who understand Jewish we recommend to read the London monthly and weekly.

Address for both: *Workers' Friend,* 163 Jubilee street, London, E.

* * *

The first number of the Bulletin of the "International" has just been issued. It is published in French. The number contains, among other things, an appeal of the International Bureau for the support of the Bulletin, interesting extracts from the reports of the delegates to the Amsterdam Congress, and valuable information on the state of the movement in various countries.

We extend our greeting to the new fellow-soldier in the

cause of humanity and wish it continued success. Address: Bulletin de l'Internationale Anarchiste, 163 Jubilee street, London, E.

The Bulletin solicits reports on the labor and Anarchist movement, in all languages.

RUSSIA.

The trade union movement is now battling against tremendous odds. In the majority of the governments comprising the Empire, the *legal* existence of labor bodies has become an impossibility. Publications devoted to the interest of the workingman are being ruthlessly suppressed, and their editors and agents imprisoned. The active elements in the unions are suffering all forms of persecution, from the industrial lock-out to imprisonment and final deportation to their native villages.

In spite of all this persecution, however, awakened Russian labor is by no means intimidated. Workingmen continue to organize, hold conventions, and energetically pursue systematic work along syndicalist lines.

The spirit of intelligent dissatisfaction is not to be crushed.

* * *

The guerilla warfare of the Anarchist groups against autocrats and bourgeois is demanding numerous sacrifices. Warsaw has recently witnessed the official murder of sixteen comrades, while four have been claimed by the hangman at Lodz. Most of the victims were charged with expropriation.

* * *

The seven Terrorists who were condemned to death by a court martial for conspiring against the lives of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch and M. Chtcheglovitoff, Minister of Justice, were hanged at Lissy Noss Peninsula, opposite Kronstadt.

Among those who suffered death was the man who had in his possession, when arrested, a passport issued to Calvino, the St. Petersburg correspondent of two Italian papers. Three women also were among the seven martyrs, two of them eighteen and nineteen years of age, respectively.

But the revolution is marching forward, in spite of all autocratic repression.

ARGENTINE.

Recently took place the seventh convention of the Labor Federation. Among the most important results of the deliberations is the decision to organize a General Strike. A committee has been selected to decide upon the proper date to initiate the movement. The tyrannic attitude of the government towards the trade unions is directly responsible for the steps taken by the convention. The authorities have suppressed all liberty of assembly, imprisoned the most active labor men, and deported the foreign agitators.

* * *

According to official statistics two hundred and fifty-four strikes took place during the last year. Forty-five of these were completely successful; eighteen, partly so; while one hundred and sixty-one were alleged failures. 184,431 workers participated in the strikes, among them 2,569 women and 3,728 children. In fifteen strikes there were collisions between the workingmen and the military.

It is evident from these statistics that the laboring masses of this country are inspired by a healthy spirit of class-conscious rebellion.

The Labor Federation is a syndicalist body, whose most active workers are Anarchists. Evidently the Federation is having a good effect—educational and revolutionary—on the movement of the country.

JAPAN.

We have received from Tokio the "Declaration" of the just organized "Land Rehabilitation Society." We reproduce it, as per the English copy:

"The object of the society shall be to restore to all mankind the proper and equal right to the land and thereby to secure for every individual the foundation of independent and free life.

"On the following principle shall the object of the society be carried out:—The things that are made by Nature should be enjoyed equally by all mankind, while things that are made by man's effort should belong to those who have worked mentally or physically for it.

Outline of the Method Proposed.

"1. That any person who wants land, according to his

proper share may claim and take it of those who hold more than their proper shares, and the former compensate the latter for the improvements that have been made on the land thus handed over.

"2. That the proper share of the land for each individual be settled by equally portioning the whole area of the land among the population, provided that an allowance be always made for different productive capacity of the land.

"3. That each individual, man or woman, be equally acknowledged as possessing the equal right to receive the land as soon as he reach the legally stated age of maturity.

"1. Name—The society be called Tochi-Fukken-Doshikai.

"2. Offices—The headquarters be located in Tokio, and branch-offices in the provinces.

"3. Membership—Both men and women be eligible as members.

"4. Administration—The administration be in the hand of the Executive Committee.

"5. Expenses—The expenses shall be defrayed by subscription of members and sympathizers."

The spirit of liberty and the striving for better things are evidently abroad in Japan.

* * *

THE ANARCHIST FEDERATION

MONTHLY REPORT.

COMRADES:

A very active interest is shown in the work of the Federation all over the country. A number of additional groups and comrades from various points have joined us. The Federation seems to have already produced beneficent results by stimulating useful activity among our comrades at large.

The Federation has taken charge of collecting moneys in New York for the Philadelphia Defense Fund, with very satisfactory success. Our committees are visiting all unions and organizations to which we have access, soliciting moral and financial assistance. Very few refuse to aid.

On the 19th of the month the Federation will hold another mass-meeting for the unemployed, on which occasion also the Commune will be fitly commemorated.

It has been decided to issue a Bulletin for the 18th of March, which will be sent to the groups and comrades throughout the country to give them a clearer insight into the work of the Federation. The first issue of the Bulletin will appear in Jewish.

Fraternally,
THE ANARCHIST FEDERATION.

* * *

LECTURES

For the benefit of those cities and groups which have not yet arranged meetings for me, I herewith publish the dates already engaged:

March 16—Worcester, English lecture.
March 17—Worcester, Jewish lecture.
March 19—Brockton, English lecture.
March 20—Lynn, Jewish lecture.
March 21—Lynn, Social.
March 22—Lynn, English lecture.
March 23—Boston, English lecture.

For my April tour through New York State the following dates are already engaged:

April 13th, Buffalo.
April 14th and 15th, Rochester.
April 16th and 17th, Syracuse.
April 18th and 20th, Schenectady.
April 19th, Albany.

My subjects, in English or Jewish, are:

What Do the Anarchists Want?
The Crisis.
Is Anarchism Practical?
Trade Unionism and Anarchism.
Anarchism Compared With Other Philosophies.

I can tour but ten to twelve days during any one month, as MOTHER EARTH and my private work keep me engaged in New York the rest of the time. The comrades will please take notice and make engagements one month before the date desired for a lecture.

I tour for the benefit of MOTHER EARTH.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN,
210 East 13th St., New York.

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

MM. Davenport and Laighton, N. Y.	$12.00
M. Celio, New York	.25
Mr. Henson, Jersey City, N. J.	.70
Wm. M. Stroud, Montreal, Can.	2.00
R. Baginski, Cleveland, O.	1.00
J. Nielson, Palo Alto, Cal.	1.00
A. B. Meeting, Bronsville, N. Y.	1.20
E. G. Meetings:	
Paterson, N. J.	12.00
Montreal, Can.	74.00
Toronto, Can.	20.00
London, Can.	17.45
(Contribution by M. & S. Hornstein:)	
Cleveland, Ohio.	48.65
	$190.25
Subscriptions, February.	80.00
Total receipts.	$270.25

EXPENDITURES.

Deficit, as per February account.	$234.67
E. G. tour expenses.	43.45
Cost and office expenses, February M. E.	292.00
	$570.12
Deficit	$299.87

BOOKS RECEIVED

ANARCHISM. Dr. Paul Eltzbacher. Benj. R. Tucker, New York.

THE SANITY OF ART. Bernard Shaw. Benj. R. Tucker, New York.

SEX-MATING. Mae Lawson. The Raven Press, Findlay, O.

NOTICIAS DE POLICIA....Federico A. Gutiérrez (Fag Libert). Buenos Aires.

TERRE LIBRE. Jean Grave. Paris.

LE SYNDICALISME DANS L'EVOLUTION SOCIALE. Jean Grave. Paris.

LA NOSTRA VIOLENZA. Circolo di Studi Sociali. West Hoboken, N. J.

BULLETIN DE L'INTERNATIONALE ANARCHISTE. No. I, Vol. I. London.

Trade Unionism and Anarchism

By JAY FOX

is a pamphlet specially written to enlighten the conservative unionist as to the relation of Anarchism to the question of labor. An excellent brochure for propaganda in the unions

PRICE, 5 CENTS

TO BE HAD THROUGH

MOTHER EARTH or

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE LEAGUE, CHICAGO

THE FOLLOWING PLAYS OF

HENRIK IBSEN

TO BE HAD THROUGH *MOTHER EARTH*

A Doll's House	25c
The Pillars of Society	25c
Ghosts	25c
Rosmersholm	25c
The Lady from the Sea	25c
An Enemy of Society	25c
The Wild Duck	25c
The Young Men's League	25c
Hedda Gabler	50c
The Master Builder	50c

MOTHER EARTH

THE WIDE WAY

A new magazine of progress, edited by JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL, author of "A WEIRD AND WONDERFUL STORY OF ANOTHER WORLD," which created such a profound sensation when published in *Physical Culture.*

MARGARET GRANT, author of "A CHILD OF LOVE," writes exclusively for THE WIDE WAY. Read her greatest story, now running in this magazine,

"AN UNMORAL MAID."

Send ten cents for sample copy **One dollar a year**

CORWILL PUBLISHING COMPANY

24 EAST 21st STREET - - - NEW YORK CITY

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS

The Pioneer Magazine in the English Language Devoted to Prenatal Culture and the Right of Every Child to Be Well Born.

It Treats of Sexual Science

In a Sane, Intelligent, and inoffensive manner. It points out the vital necessity for a broader knowledge of Sexual Hygiene. Hence it opposes any attempt to restrict Instruction in Sexual Science.

Reproduction of the Human Race

Is discussed by men and women who have made a special study of the Sexual Relations, and who realize that quality is of more importance than Numbers.

It Insists on the Freedom of Men and Women

From Sexual Slavery. It insists on the Right of Every Woman to the Control of Her Own Person. It insists that Woman alone shall be the one to decide When and Under What Conditions she will bring a New Human Being into Existence.

Fifteen cents a copy; $1.50 a year. Order of Newsdealer or of Publisher,

M. HARMAN, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL OFFERS: Send 25 cents for a three months' trial subscription and a copy of "Institutional Marriage," a lecture by the editor. **EUGENICS AND MOTHER EARTH ONE YEAR FOR $1.75.**

MEETINGS

Harlem Liberal Alliance
Every Friday, 8 P. M., at Fraternity Hall, 100 W. 116th Street, cor. Lenox.

Lyric Congregation
Every Sunday, 11 A. M., at Lyric Hall, 6th Ave. & 42nd St.
John R. Coryell, lecturer.

Manhattan Liberal Club
Every Friday, 8 P. M., at Mott Hall, 64 Madison Ave., opp. Madison Square Garden.

Liberal Art Society
Every Friday, 8.30 P. M., at Terrace Lyceum, 206 East Broadway.

Brooklyn Philosophical Association
Every Sunday, 3 P. M., at Long Island Business College, 143 S. 8th Street.

Chicago Social Science League
Every Sunday, 8 P. M., Room 412, Masonic Temple.

San Francisco Liberty Group
First and third Sat. of every month, 8 P. M., at 1320 Powell St.

Mother Earth

For Sale at all the above mentioned places

10 Cents a Copy
One Dollar a Year

GROUP
"Licht für Frauen"

Meets Every Wednesday, 8 P. M.
—at—
106 Forsyth Street, New York

FREEDOM

A Journal of Anarchist Communism, Monthly

5c per Copy, 50c per Year

127 Ossulston Street
LONDON, N. W., England

Also through the office of Mother Earth

READ
The Demonstrator

A bimonthly published in the interest of revolutionary propaganda methods

50 CENTS PER YEAR

ADDRESS:
Home, Lakebay P. O., Wash.

Comrades, make Subscribers for

Cronaca Sovversiva

Italian Anarchist Weekly

$1.00 per Year 50c. per Six Months

Box I, Barre, Vt.

Dr. Martin Rasnick's
NEW DENTAL OFFICE
—AT—
190 CLINTON ST.
near Divison St.
NEW YORK
Telephone, 2554 Orchard
Conscientious Treatment Guaranteed

INTERNATIONAL
BOOK STORE
Established 1892
All the Books You Want
FINE STATIONERY AND BOOKBINDING
A. WASSERMAN
45 CLINTON ST. NEW YORK

Kneipp Cure Bath Establishment
621 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Electric Loh-Tanin Baths For Chronic Rheumatism, Nerve Strengthening, Blood Purifying And for Paralysis
Herb, Electric, Sulphur, Steam, Cold & Warm Baths
Nauheim Baths (Kohlensaure Wellenbäder)
Separate Entrance for Ladies
CURT W. BRETOW, Chiropodist—Naturopath

JOSEPH ROSENBERG
...Custom Tailor...
310 East 89th Street
1st & 2d Aves., N. Y.

HARRY FEINGOLD'S
Cafe and Restaurant
Member of Br. 39 A. R.
Tasteful Dishes; Pleasant Company
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
H. FEINGOLD, 45 FORSYTH ST., NEW YORK

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin ..... **50c.**

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to..... **$1.60**

Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin.. **$2.00**

The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin..... **10c.**

The Wage System. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Anarchism Communism: Its Basis and Principles. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Law and Authority. An Anarchist Essay. By Peter Kropotkin ..... **10c.**

War. By Peter Kropotkin.....**5c.**

Origin of Anarchism. By C. L. James..... **5c.**

History of the French Revolution. (An excellent work for students. It begins with a sketch of history of the earliest times; the decline of the ancient empires, the rise of the French monarchy, and traces the causes which made the Revolution inevitable. The philosophic conclusion is unsurpassed, and the position taken, laying a foundation for the philosophy of freedom, is bound to attract the attention of thinkers.) By C. L. James.....**$1.00**

PAGES OF SOCIALIST HISTORY

By W. TCHERKESOFF

A highly instructive book of 106 pages.
Contains a mine of information about Socialist teachings and acts.

Price *reduced* from 25c. to 15c.

Mother Earth Publishing Association
210 EAST 13th STREET - - - NEW YORK

WE have just issued one of the best works of

PETER KROPOTKIN

MODERN SCIENCE AND ANARCHISM

The book, though scientific, is written in a popular style. Nobody who wishes to be well grounded in the philosophy of Anarchism can afford to miss this book

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Mother Earth Publishing Association
210 East 13th Street, New York